

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointier for You

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss MAY CLEMATIS.

Honesty is not alone the best policy, but it is the one and only policy.

May. Simply say to the gentleman who has escorted you to a place of amusement, "Thank you very much and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Kind loving sisters have a great deal to do with the cultivation of a loving brother.

Until our girls have more push and become more serious in the line of work, they will always leave room for criticism.

Our girls cannot expect proper recognition except they train their minds to do the duty that lies nearest them.

Watch your friends, enemies will make themselves known.

A. L. Think well before you come to a conclusion. Some men are of the opinion that you are anxious for their company.

Never allow the man to whom you are engaged too much freedom.

Do as you think best and keep out of his company.

It is the great man who never stoops to small things.

Be careful and don't confide in all females.

Sedateness is the immediate jewel that commands a girl to those who are advancing in life.

Don't be guided by what people say. Use your own judgement.

If you conduct yourself in a becoming manner you need not have any fear.

Be a good listener and a slow talker.

The noblest quality in woman is when she is true to her trust and can associate those who have befriended her.

The sweetest person is the one who is conscious of his own good traits.

Girls should not keep one man company to the exclusion of others, except they be engaged.

L. S. Don't talk so much. You tell everything you know, when you should be listening to your own affairs.

Watch the person who talks about himself, because he will be sure to talk about others.

Iron will wear out in course of time, then why not the patience of people. After all there is such a thing as "patience" ceasing to be a virtue.

A. E. Yes, true friendship is worth a great deal as it is something not bought or sold, but comes of its own accord.

One evil person can do more in one day than good can be done in two.

Beware of talkative men or women, because they are full of danger.

If you do the 99th thing and fail to do the hundredth you get no credit for what you have done.

E. C. We shall miss you. How long do you anticipate remaining.

The way to hold your friends is to be kind to them.

Think and act wisely. By no means don't betray your friends.

If we should all follow the precept, "know thyself," we would not find time to attend to other people's affairs.

D. M. Beauty is a charming letter of introduction, but it is worthless, unless there is something besides the mere appearance.

Anna. Let dressing be an incident and not the object of your existence.

Idleness is the chief author of mischief. If you would be happy, seek employment.

It is better to do well, than to say well.

Respect yourselves and others will respect you.

Dress and society often destroys the reputation of girls.

Always do what you are told, if it is right.

Be polite, discreet and amiable.

Be truthful and true to your friends.

An honest girl is a jewel.

Do your duty and follow the rules of industry.

Batrachian.

"You say," said the city editor, pointing out the word in the manuscript, "she sung with a 'warty' voice. What do you mean by that?" "That ought to be plain enough for anybody," replied the sporting editor, who had been detailed, in the absence of the musical editor, to write up a concert. "She had a frog in her throat."—Chicago Tribune.

GIRL SHOWED PLUCK

Like Ajax of Old She Defies Thunder and Lightning.

Miss Kneen Had a Graduating Address to Deliver and the Elements Could Not Keep Her from Spouting.

Even as Ajax once defied the lightning so did Miss Helen Louise Kneen, of Derby, Conn., the other day, and with equal success. How she survived the shock which caused women to faint and strong men to grow pale is still a matter of admiring wonder to her friends, while the young woman laughingly treats her experience as only one of many interesting incidents in her short but bright career.

It was at the graduation exercises of the class of 1902 of the Derby high school that the thrilling incident occurred which is still the talk of that region of the "Nutmeg state."

On the stage of the Sterling opera house 13 pupils had gathered to receive diplomas. The prominence of 13, coincident with a Friday, had not been regarded as destitute of significance by many among the audience of 1,500 persons, and not a few experienced a decidedly unpleasant sensation while on the way to the opera house as they saw black and angry clouds and heard the rumbling of distant thunder. But once inside they applauded the 13 pupils with enthusiasm.

The first number of the programme, a chorus by a hundred school children, had just been concluded when Miss Kneen stepped forward to deliver the valedictory address. Undismayed by the rattle of celestial artillery and the vivid flashes of lightning, she began:

"The evening of the 13th of June is here, and so are we, with our decorations, our fresh white dresses, our immaculate shirt bosoms, our patent leathers. But one dreadful fear oppresses us. We are 13 in number, here on the 13th of the month, and on a Friday, too. What dreadful thing



MISS KNEEN REMAINED COOL.

is to befall us? Is it any wonder that we are on the pins and needles of apprehension?"

"Bang!" went a thunder clap.

Having reached her peroration, Miss Kneen had warmed so impressively to her subject that she stood with uplifted hand and the words "nothing to blast" upon her lips, when the crucial test of her nerve occurred.

Like a comet in a clear sky, a ball of fire shot through an open window and for a second seemed to poise upon Miss Kneen's finger tips, while the audience sat spellbound with horror. Several pupils on the tier of seats directly behind Miss Kneen fainted.

People could not grasp the situation. All they thought was that a young girl had been struck by lightning and might die before their eyes. Women gazed on the sight, terror stricken beyond the power of action.

The coolest, calmest person in the house was Miss Kneen. Still standing with uplifted arm, she watched the ball of fire roll away from her, and after pursuing a serpentine course, disappear at the other end of the stage.

"As I was saying," continued Miss Kneen—but no one heard her. Physicians and others were hurrying to the assistance of those who had fainted. No one was seriously hurt, and the displacement of a few bricks of the building was the only damage wrought by the electrical fluid.

When a moment later, Miss Kneen concluded her address and took her seat, the audience had recovered its composure sufficiently to vent its admiration for the brave young girl in an outburst of applause which was continued for several minutes.

Miss Kneen is a pretty brunette of medium height, 17 years old. Many believe that but for her coolness in the trying situation there would have been a panic in the hall.

"Frightened?" said she when questioned by a New York Herald correspondent, "not in the least. I didn't have time to be. But I conquered the hoodoo, and I am satisfied."

Their Sympathy Was Aroused.
A landlord in Athlone, Ireland, having evicted a non-paying tenant, two members of the family waited for him one night in a lonely spot on the outskirts of the town, where he was expected to pass. They had shillelahs in their hands, and intended to give him a severe beating. For some reason, the landlord did not come. "I hope," said one of the waiting men, "that nothing has happened to the poor old gentleman."

MARVELOUS MEMORY.

Although But Eight Years Old, Arthur Moser, of Chicago, is a Scholar of Note.

Probably the youngest prodigy or "boy wonder" of the present is Samuel Arthur Moser, of 3252 Vernon avenue, Chicago. The readiness and rapidity with which he answers questions relating to history and figures is truly remarkable as well as absolutely correct. The matter is a natural one, having never been cultivated one instant. His parents and boy friends, while proud of the gift, do not encourage its practice beyond the ordinary every day life. However, he is always anxious to "be doing some-



SAMMY IN THE BARBER SHOP.

thing with figures," as he tells his fond mamma, and this keeps him in practice.

Arthur is the baby of a family of four boys, and was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Moser at Maroa, Ill., June 11, 1894. Mr. Moser lived in Maroa 12 years, operating a general store. He moved his family to Chicago three years ago, and is a traveling salesman for the Michigan Leather company, of Detroit, Mich.

When five years of age his playmates noticed his wonderful aptitude for figures, easily answering all sorts of questions. They believed him "making believe" with his answers, and not until his parents became attracted to the gift was it believed the child correctly answered the questions given him in mathematics and history. His father would take the lad to the barber shop Saturday evenings. While getting shaved he would ask the child what day of the week a certain period fell upon. The quick reply secured the admiration of all within the little shop, and the gift was enlarged upon in the neighborhood.

Now, says the Chicago Tribune, he knows the names of the presidents, the dates of their births and deaths, can tell the day of the week any date came on, and can add imposing sums by mental arithmetic. He has at his tongue's end a mass of geographical and historical information and never stumbles in his answers.

His parents say that outside of two short spells of sickness the child has always been in perfect health, living outdoors on his tiny bicycle most of the time. He is an incessant reader of the Bible, historical works and the daily newspapers, and oftentimes has to be literally driven from reading to his bed.

BETRAYED CONFIDENCE.
The German Was Highly Recommended. Yet He Went Off with the Captain's Bucket.

This story was told to a New York Times man by the prototype of Capt. Joe, the hero of F. Hopkinson Smith's novel, "Caleb West."



"HE'S GONE OFF WITH A BUCKET."

An Irishman once applied to him for a job on board his ship.

"Well," said the captain, "where are your recommendations?"

"Shure, an' I haven't enny, sur." "Can't take you, then—got a German here with fine recommendations—have to give the job to him."

Pat begged so hard, however, that the captain finally agreed to take him and the German both on a trial trip, the best man to have the permanent job.

They were well out at sea when a storm arose one day while Pat and the German were scrubbing the deck. A big wave came along and swept the German overboard with his bucket. Pat immediately picked up his bucket and started after the captain.

"Well, Pat, what's the matter now?" the captain inquired.

"Faith, sur, ye know that German what had such foin recommendations?"

"Yes; what of him?" "Begorra, sur, an' he's gone off with one o' your buckets."

TRAPS A SWINDLER.

Excellent Piece of Detective Work Done by a Woman.

She Helped the Secret Service Office to Capture a Notorious Dealer in What Is Known as Green Goods.

One of the most sensational pages in the history of the United States secret service bureau is devoted to the exploits of Miss Hallie R. Saunders, of Irwin, Pa., who was instrumental in the capture of Henry Montgomery, alleged to be one of the most expert green goods operators that ever turned a trick on a gullible granger or "gold bricked" a man of easy conscience.

Miss Saunders has been in business at Irwin for many years and is wealthy. A few weeks ago she sold out her millinery store and retired to go into the real estate business. At this time she received a green goods circular from Montgomery setting forth how a shrewd business woman who could keep her affairs to herself could make money handling the "goods." She knew exactly what this meant and made up her mind to try to get the confidence operator into the hands of the government officers.

She told her plans to several male friends and answered the letter. She wrote that she had \$500 or \$1,000 to invest and asked to have mailed to her a sample of the goods.

In a few days she received a reply and inclosed in the letter was a new dollar bill that was genuine. More letters passed and Miss Saunders set a day and hour when she would leave home for New York. Then followed "come-on" instructions, a Broadway hotel to be the meeting place, and at Harrisburg she was to leave the train and wire Montgomery: "Mother and I are coming." The trap was then ready to spring.

Miss Saunders turned the letters and the dollar bill over to Postmas-



"DID YOU REST WELL?"

ter Sowash and he sent them to the postal department. From there they reached the secret service operators.

At the New York end they cast about for a woman to impersonate Miss Saunders and one for the task was found in a department store. She was instructed how to meet the confidence man and all was ready.

From Harrisburg Montgomery got the "come-on" message signed by the Irwin woman and at the appointed time a woman was sitting in the Broadway hotel parlor, while a pair of secret service men were near by. Outside a dapper young man was walking back and forth. The next moment the young woman arose and walked to the sidewalk. As she approached the strange man turned, raised his hat and said:

"Did you rest well last night?"

"Oh, yes, considering my long journey from Irwin."

This was the prearranged greeting and the word of recognition, according to instructions. The couple entered the hotel and there is where the arrest was made. The man was taken to the Toms and the fictitious Miss Saunders went back to the store, glad that it was all over.

Miss Saunders was summoned to New York to appear against Montgomery. He waived a hearing and was placed under \$6,000 bail for trial.

Secret service men say that he is an old offender. He was arrested some years ago, but skipped his bail of \$2,500. He ceased operations for awhile, but got back into the same old business and had eluded all attempts to run him down.

Artificial Rain Production.

A number of prominent Japanese scientists are at present engaged upon a series of experiments for the artificial production of rain by means of electricity. The first trial was made in the Fukushima prefecture, and the results obtained were very satisfactory. Operations were commenced at 11 in the evening, but no change was noted until nine the next morning, when clouds began to gather in the vicinity of the place where the experiments were being held. Rain soon began to fall over an area several miles in extent, and continued without intermission for 12 hours.

Elephant Toppers in Africa.

The unguru tree of South Africa yields fruit from which an intoxicating drink is made. It is used by the natives, and elephants are also fond of it. These animals often become quite tipsy, staggering about, playing antics, screaming so as to be heard for miles and having tremendous fights.

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SPARROW JACK'S HOUSE.

The Home of the Man Who Imported English Sparrows to Kill American Caterpillars.

The annual warfare of early summer against the troublesome English sparrows that persist in destroying certain seed planting and in feasting on the cherries and berries is now on. Even the friends of the sparrows probably know but little of the man who introduced them into Pennsylvania, or of his quaint little home still standing on Main street, Germantown.

This curious little old stone building, whose crumbled walls face Main street at the corner of Upsall, with the Upsall street side protected by framework that is in turn rotting away with the crumbling stone, was standing at the time of the revolution, and has

been but little changed since. It was here that the Englishman, John Bardsley, made his home after the civil war; he was a painter by trade, quite successful in his chosen line, and eager to visit his native home at the time that William F. Smith was councilman of Germantown.

This was about 30 years ago, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, and at that time the caterpillars were infesting the trees of the city—probably to an even greater extent than the trees were raided by the pest last summer and fall. In despair over the destructive inroads made by the caterpillars, Councilman Smith used his influence in sending John Bardsley to England to bring over a lot of English sparrows to destroy the American pest. In order to show his appreciation of the opportunity to visit his old home in England, Mr. Bardsley brought back with him a great number of the sparrows, and it is believed that this was the first introduction of the sparrow into this country on any great scale, and certainly the first introduction into Pennsylvania. The old house has long been known as "Sparrow Jack house," and the name of John or "Jack" Bardsley will long be associated with the little English sparrow.

Syria Asphalt.

Asphalt is found in the provinces of Syria on the banks of the Dead sea, floating on the surface of its waters. Through the action of earthquakes the asphalt has been torn from the bottom of the sea and driven toward the shores, especially to the east. The narratives of the Greek and Roman historians to the effect that asphalt as small islands was upheld by the salt water and driven over the surface of the sea are without doubt true. The asphalt, and generally the oriental or Egyptian, is pure and expensive, and used principally in the manufacture of a certain kind of varnish, but for general purposes, owing to its brittleness as well, is useless in the asphalt industry.—American Asphalt Journal.

Creatures That Never Drink.

There is a parakeet at the zoological gardens in London that has lived for over half a century without drinking anything. Many naturalists have a theory that hares never drink, or at all events that water is not a necessity to their existence; the dew on the grass is supposed to be sufficient liquid for their wants. There is a certain breed of gazelle that never drinks and the lamias of Patagonia live for years without taking water. In France there is a particular class of cattle near Losers that rarely touches water. This is all the more remarkable because these cattle give milk of a rich quality from which excellent cheese is made.—Nature.

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Nails that are brittle are benefited

by having almond oil thoroughly rubbed into them and the finger ends at night.

A good way to treat palms is to sponge the leaves once a week with lukewarm water to which a little milk has been added. After this the plant should stand for two hours in lukewarm water enough to completely cover the pot.

Silk ribbons of any color can be safely washed in cold suds made with the best soap. After the soil is removed rinse in clear cold water, but never wring. Dry by laying upon a marble mantel, table, or glass, and rub sideways with a stiff fingernail brush until smooth. Leave until thoroughly dry.

When ironing lace always lay a piece of soft muslin over fine lace, and never touch it directly with the iron. Crochet, tatting, gimpure, and Irish or Greek lace should not be ironed, but simply pinned out on a well covered board, point by point, and left till dry, pulling it out gently with the fingers if it seems stiff when unpinned.

The built-in seat only increases in popularity as time goes on, instead of losing its vogue from length of service, as so many things do. For one reason, it prevents such possibilities for both large and small houses. In the small rooms of an apartment or flat, where a divan or colonial sofa would be impossible, a small seat adds much to the artistic effect and coziness.